

A NEW-YEARS GIFT:

BEING

A POEM Dedicated to the lasting Memory of That Worthy and Learned
Dr. TITUS OATS, the First Discoverer of the Popish Plott, to destroy the Sacred
Person of his Majesty, and to Extirpate the Protestant Religion.

GREAT! —I am in a plunge what more to say,
Our Great Creator shall we call Thee? Nay:
That Title is too great, we all must own
Due only unto GOD (to HIM Alone;)
The highest Titles by which men express
Their Deities or Demi-Gods are less
Than Thy Deserts: should we Contract Thy Fame
Within such narrow Limits, Thou might'st blame
Mankind, and justly Brand us with a Blot
Of shame so foul as could not be forgot;
Had All Angelike Souls, Enlarg'd, that might
Retain Conceptions of Thy Worth Aright,
Then neither Prose nor Verse would needfull be
To tell All Future Ages, Thou art He
Whom God hath sent into the World to Reare
A New Meridian in our Northern Sphere:
To tell All Ages which shall after come
Thou art the Harbinger of suddain Doom
(More Fatal than Great Hannibal) to Rome:
He only threatned (as did many more)
And only made their large swoln Heart-strings fore
By driving them into a Punique Fright,
But Thou hast broke Their haughty Heart-strings quite;
We can't express This Wondrous Act of Thyne,
But by such Characters as are Divine!

Shall we compare Thee then to Alexander,
To Hannibal, or any great Commander?
For shame: These, are All-Man-Sir's, Hectoring Boys,
Who having purchas'd Ginger-bread and Toys,
(For Towns and Castles are such things,) suppose
They only merit Titles who have Those,
Although They swim to Empires in a Flood
Of Fathers, Mothers, Widows, Childrens blood,
Spending their precious time in Emulous wrangle
(In dust and croud and sweat) to catch a Spangle.

Great Caesar shall we Style Thee? that were less
Than if we own'd (which yet we must profess)
We know not what to call Thee, but Our Heart,
Our Life, Our Breathing Soul, Our Vital Part:
Our almost All we have, and Dear to HIM
Who did Entrust Thee (for Our Cherubim)
To Guard Our British Isle (that little World)
Which else had Topsie-turvy quite been hurl'd,
And to a dismal Chaos had been brought,
More dreadful than the most tremendous Thought.

Great Guardian of this Honourable Trust,
Bless'd to All Ages (though by Rome Accurs'd.)
We read in ancient Story of Saint George,
Who stuck his Lance into a Dragons gorge:
We knew His Name-sake also at the Charge
To tug home Our Great Charles his loaden Barge.
Both These wrought Wonders! but Thou hast Outdone
Those Heroes, and far greater Fame hast won;
The former slew a Beast with Spear and Sword,
But Thou Unarmed wast, yet, by Thy Word
(Spoke Powerfully) Thou gav'st a Mortal Wound
To Rome (the Old Great Dragon) and the Sound
Of Thy Name only, brought Death, and did Slay
All Serpents, Tigers, Panthers, Wolves of prey,
Who in That mighty Forrest lurking lay.

By which means, Thou hast brought the World to Rest,
Which by This Vermin hath been sore Oppress'd;
Of All brave Champions, it shall be confess'd,
To Thy Eternal Praise Thou art the Best.

The Latter plac'd Our Monarchs Crown on's head,
But in All after Worlds, it shall be said
That, Thou, didst Raise Him Up, even from the Dead!
And His Three Kingdom's also didst Thou Save
By This Strange Resurrection from the Grave!

Bless'd Wonder of Our Age! we can't give o're
But must Contemplate on Thee more and more:
Were England, India, we should Thee Adore!

Thou art The Skillfull Pilot of Our Age,
Who, when Rome's Water-floods began to Rage,
And all its rolling Billows (Ghastly Waves
More dismal than the most untimely Graves)
Began to Overwhelm Our Floating Boat,
When we were Sleeping, and had scarce a Thought
Of Danger nigh, Then, did Thy Watchful Soul
Find more than English Courage to Controul
That Tempest which had like to Overwhelm,
If (under GOD) Thou hadst not sat at Helm.

Great OATS, when we were breathing out our last,
Thy wakefull Thoughts on Englands Clock were cast:
Thou heard'st It strike Our Midnight, whilest the Popes
False Dial pointed Noon, by Its secret gropes
Was almost at the Solstice of His hopes;
Which (to Thy constant Praise) did end in Tyburn Ropes;

A New-Years Gift we seek for, but find None
To Give, which we can truly call Our Own.
Thou hast long since each Corner of Our Heart,
(Except that which for GOD is set apart,
And for our King:) None can say This -- is myne
Or That -- though we Possess, the Right is Thyne:
Yet since all Tenants to their Landlords bring
A Token of their Duty (though the thing
Is inconsiderable) Thou wilt not scorn
Though we can bring Thee but this Pepper-Corn;
Accept It (Dear Sir) since That round dark Ball
Shews that we fain would give Thee More than All
We have; AND, if All Earth were Ours to give,
It is Thy Due, (Bless'd Instrument by Whom we Live;)

Away with Alabaster Statues, Those
Are Puppet-like, fit but for Bartholms Shews:
We cannot carve Thy Worth in Monument
Of Stone or Silver, (though our good intent
In that dumb Signature we may present;)
These are such Hieroglyphicks, as the Rust
Of Cank'ring Time Consumes and turns to dust;
But Thyne shall never Fade, (Thou Wise and Just.)

Since then no curious Art of mortal Man
A Shadow of Thy Self so lively can
Describe, but that Thy strange Illustrious Ray
Will suffer some Unjust Eclipse that way,
OUR GREAT OMNIPOTENCE, for Thy Bless'd Sake
A Miracle to work did undertake,
That All succeeding Ages may Rehearse
His Glory, in Thy Praise, beyond all Verse.

FINIS.

Anno Dom. 1680.